

1489.d.49.

THE
STATESMAN:
A
POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Robert Walpole.

By a GENTLEMAN of *Gray's-Inn.*

Fari quæ sentiat.

L O N D O N :

Publish'd by CHARLES CORBETT, Bookseller and Publisher, at
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M DCC XL. Price One Shilling.

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STATESMAN:

P. O. F. M.

NUMBER TWO

To the Right Honorable



Sir Robert Peel.

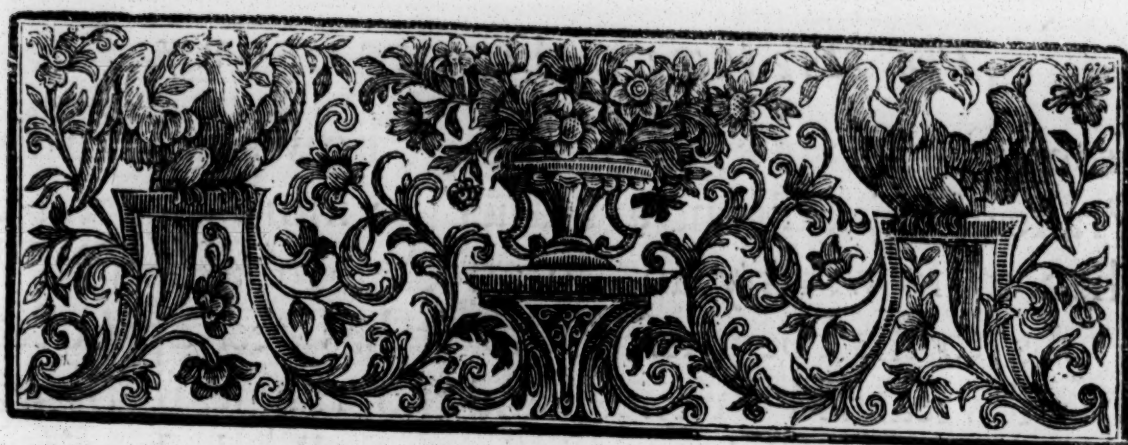
By a Gentleman of the Press.

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T H E
Epistle Dedicatory.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;

SIR,



W H I L E every Hour of your Father's Life is engaged in the Service of his Prince, to his utmost Satisfaction, and with the highest Applause from all real Well-wishers to the Prosperity of *Great-Britain*; it would be an unpardonable Presumption, (more especially at this Time, when Majesty herself in Part rests on him,) to attempt, tho' for a Moment, to draw off his Attention to the public Good: Such an Action would be indeed to interrupt the Happiness of my Country: Nor could I hope thereby to obtain even his Approbation: For as his own is the only Merit he is unacquainted with, so the only Thing which escapes his Observation, is his own Praise.

BUT to whom, Sir, can I more properly dedicate this Poem than to you? Who, though you have added to yourself every Perfection, which must necessarily engage the Love and Respect of the wise and virtuous Part of Mankind, from whom only they are desirable; yet, as if you had no such Right to Esteem, you still think it your greatest Happiness and highest Honour, that you are sprung from

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

from Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. To whom can the Praise of so indulgent a Father be more acceptable, than to so worthy and so affectionate a Son?

As to the Poem itself, tho' it has been approved by a few learned Friends, and tho' the least Spark of Praise is sufficient to inflame a Poet's Vanity; yet I will be content to resign all Merit in the Performance, except the Choice of the Subject; and so much I am certain, you, Sir, will very readily allow me.

BUT the following Sheets have yet a stronger Claim for your favourable Acceptance; I mean, the Sincerity of the Intention, which will I hope atone for any Defects in the Execution. For, as I am fully convinced there are many, who are, they know not why, Enemies to the present excellent Administration; and many more, who are misled by popular Prejudices, without giving themselves the Trouble to observe their own Happiness; perhaps the being reminded at this Time of the Blessings they at present really enjoy, may convince them of their Mistakes, and make them sensible how absurd and unjust it is, to oppose those who labour to secure to them the Continuance of those valuable Enjoyments.

IF this should be the Case, tho' but in a single Instance, I believe you will think it sufficiently justifies the Attempt, and will, with your usual Candour, "excuse bad Language for an honest Heart". And for my own Part, I shall think it an abundant Reward; for I had rather be found loyal to my King, and faithful to my Country, than (without these) to be the Author of an Iliad.

I am, SIR,

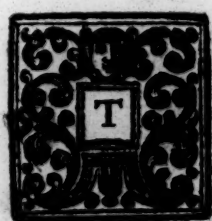
Your most Obedient,

And Most Humble Servant,

G. S.



THE
STATESMAN:
A
POEM.



THE MAN for Senates and for Councils form'd,
By Wisdom, Justice, Truth, and Fortitude,
To save from Ruin a distracted State,
Make Kingdoms flourish, and a People blest;
Him whom Youth emulates, whom Age reveres,
Who lives devoted to the Public Good,
Servant of GEORGE, and Favourite of Heav'n,
Boldly I sing.---*Britannia* hails his Name,
Her Sons to WALPOLE gratefully ascribe
That Praise, which WALPOLE can alone deserve.

THE Muses, Daughters of Immortal Jove,
Admit, Descent no Merit can intail
To Sons unworthy of their Godlike Sires:

B

Yet

Yet all the Wise, the Virtuous, and Brave,
 Well pleas'd, revolve the Glories of their Line, 15
 Proud t'enlarge those Honours by their own.
 Thus Emulation fills the gen'rous Mind,
 Urging high Worth, and promising Renown.

SUCH honest Ardour fired thy youthful Breast,
 When thou, O WALPOLE, didst thy Lineage trace 20
 From the great NORMAN, down to NASSAU's Reign:
 Where some with Titles, all with Virtue, shone
 Illustrious, Ennobled, and Rever'd;
 By Nations honour'd, and by Kings approv'd.
 As thy brave Ancestry roll'd on to View, 25
 How didst thou praise their steady Loyalty?
 How didst thou burn like them for Liberty?
 Still jealous to preserve their spotless Fame,
 Yet fervent to surpass it by thy own:
 Till all their Virtues were in thee combin'd, 30
 And all their Glories were absorb'd in thine.

So, when the God, whose Influence cheers Mankind,
 Shines forth serene, the Convex Glass oppos'd,
 Sudden collects th'affociating Rays,
 The *Dodonean* Oak obeys its Force, 35
 Swells with its Heat, and bursts into a Flame.

SAY, which the whitest Era of thy Life?
 Where did thy Merit most distinguish'd shine?
 Then brightest far, when most severely tried.
 Not thrice ten Years which since have told thy Praise, 40
 Not all the Virtues thou hast since made known,

Speak

Speak thee so much the Darling of Mankind,
 Nor all the Honours thou hast e'er enjoy'd,
 Give equal Fame to suff'ring in that Cause;
 Struggling with MARLBRO' long for Liberty,
 And greatly Falling, MARLBRO' at thy Side. 45

When two vile Statesmen in dire Compact join'd,
 Fully in all Things, but in Honour, skill'd,
 Employ'd their Arts one Woman to betray;
 And fond of Greatness at their Country's Cost, 50
 Sunk in an Hour, ten Years successful War.

YET wild Ambition soon herself o'erthrows,
 Vain are her Honours, transient all her Joys:
 For when that League whose Ties were Interest,
 With guilty Doubts, and jealous Pride alarm'd, 55
 Utter'd foul Rage, and mutual Reproach,
 Within the Ear of awful Majesty;

Affrighted ANNA wing'd to Heav'n her Flight,
 (Be Peace eternal to her honour'd Shade,)
 And BRUNSWICK was our great acknowledg'd Lord, 60
 To whom glad Nations paid their willing Vows;
 By conscious Guilt appall'd, the Rebel Crew,
 Punish'd with Life, the Outcasts of Mankind,
 Urg'd by their Fears, precipitately fled;
 Whose sad Attendants were Remorse and Shame, 65
 And Rage, and Envy sick'ning with Despair.

So frail is Pow'r unlawfully acquir'd,
 So soon is Vice pursu'd by Punishment.

NOT so with thee—thy Virtues gain'd Applause,
 The Sovereign's Smile repaid the Subject's Love ; 70
 Just to himself, and grateful to thy Worth,
 To share his Triumphs, to defend his Throne,
 To aid his Councils, to relieve his Cares,
 T'enlarge his Glories,—Thee, the Monarch chose ;
 And modest Merit dignified the Choice. 75

WHAT various Blessings, from that Spring deriv'd,
 Have flow'd salubrious to ungrateful Man ?
 And (but ourselves oppose,) might ever flow.
 Scarce greater Blessings sprung from Touch divine
 Of him, who led a chosen Nation forth 80
 From cruel *Pharaoh's* arbitrary Sway,
 To Liberty, and *Canaan's* fertile Land ;
 When yielding Rocks gush'd forth in copious Streams,
 To quench a People's Thirst ; who joyous quaff'd
 The cool Refreshment ; yet, their Wants supply'd, 85
 Unthankful, to their Murmurings return'd.

YE guilty Sons of busy Faction, tell
 What real Evils justify your Tongues,
 Which slander him, by whose unerring Hand
 Religion, Law, and Freedom, stand secur'd ? 90
 The poison'd Arrows on yourselves revert,
 From Truth your dissipated Clamours fly,
 Like noxious Vapour, which the Sun dispels.

SAY first, does Pow'r with Conscience interfere,
 Or slavish Terrors on the Mind impress ? 95

Does

Does Persecution, waving all her Fires,
Blaze horrible, or tremble thro' the Land?

No; mild Religion, giv'n to bless Mankind,
Benignly warms, and nurtures with its Rays,
Nor e'er inclines to shrink us with its Heat; 100

But pities Zealots who mispend their Rage,
And rave, and madden, with religious Fears.

Oh Fear! thou Shade, whom Ignorance adores,
What mighty Influence o'er human Minds
Does Education give thee? From thy Rule 105

All Errors spring, and with thy Pow'r enlarge.
For where deep-rooted Prejudice prevails,

Where Age maintains, what Infancy receiv'd,
Reason will stagger, and betray her Trust.

YET Pity then, not Rage, should intervene; 110

For Superstition heightens if oppos'd,

Like warring Elements which burst in Fires;

But to itself resign'd, itself destroys,

Like blazing Meteors, which expanding die.

So, when of late a Youth with frantic Pride, 115

And giddy with enthusiastic Zeal,

Amaz'd the Ignorant, disturb'd the Weak,

Misled the Vulgar, and made Folly mad;

Him, still for Persecution crying loud,

From Opposition hoping to be great, 120

Religious Wisdom, baffling all his Arts,

With Pity view'd, or punish'd with Contempt:

And this sole Treatment, Error shall receive,
While WALPOLE's Counfels shall adorn the State ;
Or Truth divinely flow from SECKER's Tongue. 125

SAY next, ye vile Misleaders of a Croud,
Does awful Justice hold her equal Sway ?
Are her Courts open ? who inhabit there ?
Do learned Judges execute the Laws ?
Do those like heav'nly Mercy reach to all ? 130

YES : HARDWICKE's there, whose Breath is Equity ;
In whom all COWPER's Eloquence survives,
All KING's Integrity, all TALBOT's Worth,
Which he alone can equal, none exceed.
Unbias'd by proud Hopes, or abject Fears, 135
An upright Course he steadily pursues,
And where the Laws their utmost Rigour bend,
Wisely diverts, but ne'er unnerves their Pow'r.
His Wishes tend to universal Good,
His Acts declare him Friend to Human-Kind, 140
His Honours speak his Country's Gratitude.

SEE VERNEY, blest with ev'ry Art to please,
Whose lenient Goodness soft'ning each Decree,
Extorts Applause from him whom he condemns.

To uncorrupted LEE is justly giv'n, 145
To guard the Monarch's, and the People's Rights,
Who wisely knows the Balance to maintain,
Between Prerogative, and Liberty.

PAGE serves his Country to Life's utmost Bound ;
 To PROBYN, Malice ne'er could charge a Crime ; 150
 Nor aught but Malice lessen CHAPPELL'S Worth.

IN WILLES, a quick Discernment, lively Wit,
 And happy Elocution strongly shine ;
 A Mind dispos'd to succour the Distress'd,
 And only violent to punish Vice. 155

ALAND from long Experience claims Regard.
 One Fault the Muse imputes to FORTESCUE,
 In Laws deep skill'd, to Justice strongly giv'n,
 His modest Silence is his only Crime.
 PARKER forbids that Praise his Merits claim. 160

WISDOM and Learning, COMYN, shine in thee,
 Tho' learned, humble, nor severe tho' wise.
 CARTER, in all Things glows with honest Zeal:
 To WRIGHT, no Part of Law remains unknown :
 No Distance, REYNOLDS, could conceal thy Worth. 165

SONS of Sedition bend your guilty Heads ;
 These are your Judges, who decide by Truth,
 Condemn with Justice, and in Mercy spare.

BUT is Vice punish'd ? is Oppression curb'd ?
 Yes ; one there was, whose Crimes and their Reproach, 170
 Declare no State can set th'Offender free ;
 No Dignity can shelter public Wrongs,
 Attended still with public Retribution.

WHAT last mean Subterfuge shall Malice find,
 To wrap in Darkness long-distinguish'd Worth ; 175
 Or fix a Stain on white-rob'd Innocence ?

SAY,

SAY, (for you must,) here Freedom long hath reign'd;
 Here, till your Arts had chas'd the Goddess hence,
 Fair Plenty liv'd, and satisfy'd all Eyes;
 Joyous to stand, at her lov'd WALPOLE'S Side. 180

FOR soft-ey'd Peace, by *Maia*'s Son comprést,
 (That Pow'r whom early Industry adores,)
 The strong Effect nine tedious Moons sustain'd,
 Then brought forth Commerce; who from *Phæbus* love,
 Great God of temperate Frugality, 185
 Conceiv'd with gladd'ning Plenty; at whose Birth,
 All Nature smil'd, and look'd serenely gay.
 Pleas'd with the Child and anxious for her Good,
 Her Sire a Horn committed to her Hand,
 With Gifts from ev'ry Deity replete; 190
 Then safe convey'd her to this fav'rite Isle,
 (Not his own *Delos* is so much belov'd,)
 Where grateful Science in Perfection reigns;
 And bad her scatter Blessings thro' the Land.

LONG did her Presence make *Britannia* blest: 195
 There WALPOLE soon her Eye distinguish'd thee;
 She saw the boundless Love you bear to 'all,
 But saw your Country dearest to your Breast;
 And to indulge the Largeness of your Mind,
 Appointed thee her chosen Substitute, 200
 To deal forth Blessings to her jocund Sons.

As that soft Labour gratify'd thy Soul,
 Whose highest Wish is to give Others Joy;

So all the Benefits by Plenty giv'n,
Became still greater, as by Thee they flow'd. 205

By Thee, proud Arches bend to either Shore,
And rise exulting o'er the silver *Thames*,
Whose Bosom bears the World's collected Wealth ;
And wafts thy Praise where'er her Waters roll.

By Thee, fall'n Temples with new Beauty rise, 210
Fair as thy Virtue, lofty as thy Fame :
Their Cloud-envelop'd Tops outstrain our View,
Nor the dimm'd Eye their Summit can attain.

By Thee, to ev'ry State Contentment flows,
And makes the lonely Villager rejoice. 215

BUT chiefly thou, O *London*, Pride of Earth,
To whom exhausted Realms their Riches pour ;
Thou Queen of Cities, envy'd and admir'd,
With whom Imperial *Salem* ne'er could vie,
When DAVID'S Son possess'd the Regal Seat, 220
Tho' to increase his Splendor, were adjoin'd
The Gold of *Ophir* and the Wealth of *Tyre*.
To thee her noblest Bounties were assign'd ;
Propitious ever to thy ardent Vows,
She bad thy *Prætor*'s future Palace rise, 225
Stupendous Work of Art, and worthy thee :
Whose Pile superbly tow'ring, shall declare
This Plenty gave, to honour WALPOLE'S Times.

SUPERIOR Blessings in gay Prospect came,
But full-fed Riot, in a wanton Hour, 230
Possess'd her struggling ; from whose loath'd Embrace,

Started fell Monster War ; whose daring Hand,
 Expell'd his Parent from her lov'd Abodes,
 Now never to return ; unless thy Care,
 O WALPOLE ! studious of thy Country's Good ;
 Thy lenient Arts the Wand'rer may reclaim.

FORGIVE the Muse, who thus thy Fame displays,
 Herself indulging, while with Joy she sees,
 How each surrounding Virtue points to Thee.
 So where wide op'ning various *Vista's* rise, 240
 In all, the Palace terminates the View.

BUT say, must Faction vainly spend her Rage,
 As froward Infants beat themselves to Rest ;
 Is there no Way to stab exalted Worth,
 Or to depreciate Virtue ? one there is 245
 To make him hateful ; paint him like yourselves.
 As Fame results from virtuous Applause,
 No Slander can exceed a bad Man's Praise :
 Thus he, who from all Malice stands secure,
 Might by your Friendship, be with Ease undone. 250

So, rising still from Opposition great,
 Renew'd in Strength, from Earth *Antæus* sprung
 Elate ; nor could be totally subdu'd,
 Till by *Alcides*, in his Arms confin'd,
 There close compress'd his struggling Soul expir'd. 255

THRICE happy Thou, for all enhance thy Fame ;
 Blest in thy Friends, and honour'd in thy Foes !
 Those are thy Friends, whom all Mankind approves ;
 Thy Foes are they, whom Virtue must disdain.

Is there a Man by all good Men abhorr'd, 260
 Impious to Heav'n, disloyal to his Prince,
 Timid in Action, turbulent in Speech?

Who once his Country had well-nigh enslav'd,
 And still retains his Ardour to betray?

True to no Promise, faithful to no Friend, 265
 Reviling those who spar'd his forfeit Life?

This Monster sure, if such a Wretch there be,
 No Friend to Virtue, must be WALPOLE'S Foe.

Is there a Bard, an Idol Worshipper,
 Who feeds the gloomy Malice of his Soul, 270
 By darting Slanders on consummate Worth,
 On those who dare be obstinately just?

Within the View of whose distemper'd Mind,
 Merit's a Crime, and Title a Reproach;
 Yet wantons Praise on those who least deserve, 275

On perjur'd Prelates, and attainted Peers;
 And, studious of an ill-acquir'd Applause,
 Superbly stiles himself fair Virtue's Friend.

This abject Slave to superstitious *Rome*,
 Insults that Liberty he still enjoys. 280

How yon *Patrician* low'rs with Discontent!
 Whose Hosts of Passion, warring in his Mind,
 With varying Tortures painfully preside.

Prosperity long fill'd his swelling Sails,
 And gently bore him down the Tide of Time; 285

Unus'd to struggle with an adverse Fate,
 The Tempest now redoubles from within:

He

He who from Danger prudently secure,
 Leagu'd always, with that Party which prevail'd,
 Yet constant to no Int'rest but his own ; 290
 But like the *Persian*, with religious Zeal,
 An early Worshipper of dawning Pow'r:
 Appearing still, where Fortune still appear'd,
 And basking in the Sun-shine of the Great :
 Possessing much, insatiate if indulg'd, 295
 Like his own *North*, wild raging if oppos'd :
 Ever observing with a jealous Eye,
 And self-alarmed with suspected Wrongs ;
 From his Example taught, Mankind shall know,
 That when Ambition's Sons, with giddy Pride 300
 Seek to infringe the Rights of Majesty,
 On Justice founded, by Affection held,
 They try t' amove *Olympus* from its Base,
 And in the mad Attempt, unpitied fall.

WHERE shall thy Greatness now its Refuge find ? 305
 Wilt thou solicit popular Applause,
 Which, like *Camelion*, changing oft its Hue,
 Lives in hot Breath of a *Plebeian* Crowd,
 And, like *Camelion* over-fed, expires ?

No : To be truly great, thyself subdue ; 310
 Let all thy Virtues roll within their Sphere ;
 Let private Feuds in public Good subside,
 And no Resentment, but of *Britain's* Wrongs,
 Usurp Possession of a *British* Soul.
 To other Hands submit the arduous Task, 315

Where

Where best to point Destruction on the Foe.

What HEAV'N and GEORGE ordain, do thou perform ;

So shall the Guidance, and Event, be theirs ;

The Fame of Duty, if thou wilt, be thine.

Enough of Peace.

230

Let the big War, O Muse ! invade thy Breast,

And VERNON'S Glory stimulate the Lay.

I feel her glow, she labours with the Theme,

And all *Bellona* urges from within.

What Bosom beats not, VERNON, at thy Name ?

325

What Tongue denies the Tribute of its Praise ?

Let others give thy Valour just Applause ;

Thy milder Virtues to admire,--be mine.

Thou know'st, the Rage of Battle to restrain.

Thou teachest to forgive the prostrate Wretch,

330

And, in the suppliant Foe, uplift a Friend.

Thy Clemency secures what Courage gain'd,

And sweetly captivates the yielding Mind ;

The Conquer'd with the Conquerors rejoice,

And own the Blessing of thy gentler Sway.

335

Oh ! may thy ev'ry Act successful prove,

To vindicate thy injur'd Country's Wrongs,

And by new Victories give *Britain* Peace !

Then CÆSAR shall delight thee with his Smiles ;

The Senate an Ovation shall decree,

340

And Provinces pursue thee with their Praise.

Then shall My grateful Muse thy Paths attend,

Ardent to catch thy Glories as they rise,

EnA.

E

And

And place unfading Lawrels on thy Brow ;
 To future Ages shall thy Worth record, 345
 And climb with Thee the vast Ascent to Fame.

BUT who is he, that youthful Warrior say,
 Who flies impatient whither Honour calls,
 And follows Virtue for her sole Reward ?

Hail Son of CÆSAR! Britain's other Hope, 350
 The Monarch's Glory, and the People's Pride !

While thus you labour to redress Mankind,
 Flying from Pleasures, and luxuriant Ease,
 To certain Danger, and uncertain Fate,
 Great PHILIP's Son, and JULIUS's envy thee, 355
 And ev'ry Hero trembles for his Fame.

To thee the self-devoted *Decii* yield,
 And those proud Names which swell the *Roman* Line,
 From BRUTUS, Scourge of proud tyrannic Rule,
 To TITUS, the Delight of human Kind : 360

Far happier Thou, who never lost a Day.

Oh born to Arms ! From Heroes highly sprung !
 Let their Examples, gen'rous Prince, excite
 Thy noble Thirst of Fame ; but chiefly Thou
 Remember *Oud'narde*, and assert thy Sire, 365

Who mid' the Horrors of that well-fought Field,
 Ardent of Glory, mock'd each flying Death,
 Despis'd all Terrors, and provok'd the War.

SEE where our hardy Vet'rans call Thee forth,
 To lead them on to well-known Victory : 370
 At thy Approach new Vigour they receive,

And

And the Blood plays with Warmth around their Hearts.
 See where our Youth with gen'rous Ardour press,
 To learn, with Thee, to conquer, or to die.
 Lead on, brave Prince, our much-expecting Sons ; 375
 Then shall *Iberia* soon for Mercy sue,
 To spare the thin Remains of slaughter'd Hosts ;
 She who sent War and proud Defiance forth,
 Shall kneel to Thee, with abject Supplication.

FIR'D with the Theme, and bursting to thy Praise, 380
 Prophetic Ardour now the Muse invades,
 Who like the *Delphic* Priestess moves enlarg'd,
 And deeply plunges into future Times,
 Revealing thus the Mysteries of Fate.

HAIL happy Isle! Daughter of NEPTUNE hail! 385
 Whose dawning Glories crowding to my View,
 Now blaze Illustrious!
 Distant I hear thy thund'ring Cannons roar:
Iberia trembles to her Monarch's Throne;
 While her pale Sons with guilty Terrors fly, 390
 Or fall o'ertaken with dishonest Wounds.

I see, where lightly bounding o'er the Main,
 Her Navy rides, led on by *Victory*;
 Her Ensigns gayly flutter from on High,
 While crouching Nations humble Homage pay, 395
 Confess their Fears, and to *Britannia* sue,
 T'abate her Vengeance, and give *Europe* Peace.

THESE Glories the enraptur'd Muse foretels ;
 And pleas'd enjoys the future Victories,

Which

Which on thy Councils WALPOLE shall attend,
 Oh try'd in all Things, and in all Things great;
 Unless, to punish an ungrateful Land,
 Heav'n first demand thee, and defeat our Hopes;
 Which in thy Safety live, and which with Thee must die.

WHILE such Success shall on thy Labours wait,
 (And such the Gods, to honour'd Virtue give,
 To vindicate their Justice to Mankind;)
 Faction enrag'd, shall soon herself destroy,
 And disappointed Envy, pine away;
 Nations shall hail thee, CÆSAR shall approve,
 And the unsteady Vulgar be convinc'd,
 Their dearest Blessings stand preserv'd by thee.

AND oh! in great Compassion to Mankind,
 Thro' a long Train of Joy-producing Years,
 May Heav'n avert those inauspicious Hours,
 When *Britain* justly shall lament, depriv'd,
 Of WALPOLE'S Councils, or of GEORGE'S Sway.

F I N I S.





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